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THE
MURPHIA D.

MOCK HEROIC

P O E M.

[Price One Shilling.]

ON THE HISTORY OF THE

THE

MURPHY



MOCK

POE

ON THE HISTORY OF THE

[Price One Shilling]

T H E
M U R P H I A D.

A
M O C K H E R O I C
P O E M.

By PHILIM MOCULLOCH, Esq;

1 K
A tiny witling of these writing days,
Full fam'd for tuneless rhimes and short-liv'd plays:
Write on thou luckless bard,—nor be asham'd,
Tho' burnt thy journals, and thy drama's damn'd.

WHITEHEAD.

L O N D O N:
Printed for J. WILLIAMS, on LUDGATE-HILL.
MD.CC.LXI.

THE

MURPHY

MOCK HEROIC

P O E M

R. PHILIP MOCULLOCH, Esq.

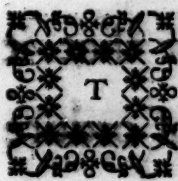
A tiny writing of these writing days
Full round for honest times and honest days
Write on these letters and—no be alluring
The purest the journals, and the dearest, dearest
WILLIAMSON

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, on Ludgate-Street.
MDCCCLXI

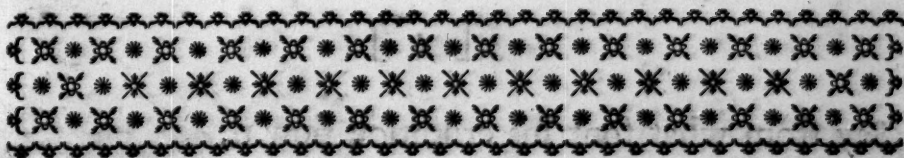


P R E F A C E.

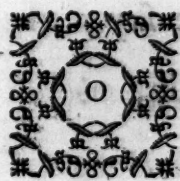

THE hero of the following poem
 having made himself so truly con-
 spicuous of late in the *nassy* way; it
 is necessary we should give the world some
 adequate reasons for his being so--and upon
 looking over the annals of the *M---ph---n*
 family, it is recorded, that he is the son of
Shelah O'Flannegin, an itinerant hay-maker,
 whose virtue was seduced by his fire *Dermot*
O'M-p-y ;

O'M-p-y; who, as it is often the case, left the Enamorata, poor *Shelah*, big with our hero, who made his entrance to this breathing world near the *Bog of Allan*; a circumstance that at once accounts for his extraordinary genius in the *Sh-tten* stile, and plainly shews that it is as natural to him, as the smell of ordure is to the olfactory nerves of a T---t-dman.

T H E



THE
M U R P H I A D.
A
P O E M.



For a muse!---but not a muse of fire,
A water nymph may answer my desire;
Come then, my *Naiad*, ev'ry verse inspire.

Say then, or sing, how great *O'M*—*y* came,
Sans merit, in the list of public fame:

B

Say

Say from what font his erudition flow'd,
 Where rose his genius, where his fancy glow'd ;
 Say in what clime his natal breath he drew,
 And then---the wonder will be nothing new.

Dull midnight reign'd,---and to each drowfy skull
 Granted the priviledge of being dull ;
 The solemn owl, *Ierne's* fav'rite bird,
 Wide ecchoing o'er the dreary plain was heard ;
 And conscious some important crisis nigh,
 With more than common hootings pierc'd the sky ;
 When *Shelab* sore oppress'd with grief and pain,
 Near *Allan's* famous *bog* did thus complain.

Ah! *Dermot*, cruel author of my woe,
 How could you serve a wretched virgin so?

How

How could you figh, and wish, and vow, and swear,
Shelah shou'd be your joy and only dear?
 Did you not promise I shou'd be your bride,
 With many other pretty things beside?
 Did you not sing, when by my side you sung,
 How beautiful I was, how fair and young?
 Did you not rhymes, and pretty verses make,
 And chant 'em to the bagpipe for my sake?
 But ah! no more you think of *Shelah* now;
 No more to her repeat the tender vow:
 No more to her you lift the wishful eye,
 Nor clasp her bosom heaving with a sigh;
 Fled from thy *Shelah*, what must *Shelah* do,
 But curse her cruel fate, herself and you?
 Curse the sad hour, when you my heart betray'd;
 The fatal hour I ceas'd to be a maid:

Nay, curse the very babe that in me lies,
 And struggling to get free, each effort tries;
 While I forlorn, in abject want and shame,
 Must even curse its cruel father's name;
 That name which, once delightful, struck my ear,
 O'erjoy'd my heart, and banish'd ev'ry care:
 Compar'd to which all other names were mean,
Fitzgerald, Connor, Donnelly, Maclean;
O'brien, Blaney, Flemming, Kennedy,
Macmurdo, Kelly, Doyly, Drogheday:
 What charm in either of them cou'd be found,
 To vie with *M——y's* more melodious sound.
 Or when upon the snow white paper wrote
 Midst other names, it claim'd superior note:
 Alike it charm'd the hearing and the sight;
 'Twas joy to read it, pleasure it to write:

But

But when in print it grac'd the honor'd page,
 What name cou'd ever more the mind engage?
 In lofty capitals it mark'd the line,
 And struck the senses like a name divine.
 O fatal name!---and must this body bear
 Another *M*---y to increase my care.
 It must---but ah! its life is in my power;
 Nor shall it live, if born alive, an hour:
 This knife, for which its father gave a groat,
 From ear to ear shall cut its little throat.
 Then to my own its fatal edge apply;
 For why should wretched *Shelab* live,---ah why?"

Thus *Shelab* wept, and vow'd she'd ever weep,
 When o'er her eyes the drowsy god of sleep

Diffus'd

Diffus'd his opium,---when at length uprear'd
 The fable goddess of the *bog* appear'd ;
 And on the margin of the stagnate mud,
 With piteous eye the wretched *Shelah* view'd ;
 Whose plaintive voice had pierc'd the goddess' soul,
 Then calling her domestics of the pool,
 She thus began,---when lo the *bog-maids* all
 Splash'd thro' the mud, obsequious to her call.

“ This night, quoth she, while yet yon glim'ring star
 Darts its pale lustre through the foggy air ;
 While yet the speckled toad, and croaking frog,
 Inhale the vapours of this murky *bog* ;
 While yet the eff and water-newt convene,
 Deep in the mud, or on the surface green,

An infant shall be born, whose future fame,
Each stinking *bog* and *bog-house* shall proclaim."

This said, to *Shelab* from the mud she flew,
And seal'd her senses with somnific glue ;
The *bog-maids* all surround the teeming fair
And little *A-th-r* soon breath'd vital air.
So once while *Adam* slept, his lovely bride
Was taken from the tenement his side.

The work achiev'd, the goddess wrapt with joy,
Plung'd in the thickest mud her favorite boy ;
Then in the fable stream she lav'd him o'er
And bid the astonish'd *bog-maids* all adore.
Then by the mothers, side she laid the *Squire*,
And headlong flounc'd herself into the mire.

The

The charm dissolv'd—surpriz'd poor *Shelah* woke,
And to the screaming bantling thus bespoke.

“ What power unseen, unfelt, has plac'd thee there !
Some fairy fure, or goblin has been here !
There must be magic in this wond'rous work,
An infant born without a pang or jerk !
Yet it is mine—for plainly I can trace
The limbs and features o'th' *M-rp--an* race,
Its father's nose, his eyes, his very face ;
And must it die ?—and must this fatal knife
Within this hand bereave the babe of life ?
It must---it must.”---She spoke and look'd despair,
When thus the goddess of the *bog*.—“ Forbear,

O cruel

O cruel *Shelab* ! sheath the dreadful blade,
 The child must live and by my pow'rful aid
 Shall twine a wreath of glory round his brow ;
 Hah ! quoth th' astonish'd *Shelab*, tell me how ?
 I'll tell the then, replied the goddess mild,
 But first resolve to spare the tender child.

“ Know then that I with magic pow'r endow'd,
 Unseen, beheld thee——heard what thou had'st vow'd ;
 With pity mov'd, exerted all my art,
 And caus'd thee unfusceptible of smart ;
 In sleep to disembody the infant here,
 Whose name the sons of dulness shall revere.
 Rejoice and sing—~~for~~ lo, yon pow'rful star,
 That faintly twinkles thro' the Southern air ;

C

(Saturn

(Saturn y'clip'd) its leaden influence shed,
 And gleam'd benignant on his new born head.
 While yonder orb, whom Mercury we stile,
 Just rears its form above the Eastern hill,
 And beams such useful virtues in his soul,
 That even merits self shall ne'er controul;
 And tho' to dullness he shall most incline,
 To gloomy thought, and temper saturnine:
 Yet still from him mercurial theft shall hit
 Some easy age and pass for sterling wit;
 For those who deal the most in witty ware,
 Are often cheated by their over care.

Thus at a time when self-sufficient fools,
 Big with the maxims of the antient schools,

When

When ev'ry scribbling clerk shall rail or write,
 Spite of the muses and the muses flight ;
 When critic, prentices shall *wisely* sit,
 And judge by Grecian rules of English wit :
 When superficial bards, a motley train,
 Take *Aristotle's* sacred name in vain ;
 Or praise the sage *Longinus* to the sky,
 And all they cannot tell for what, or why ;
 Then shall this infant bard, to manhood grown,
 Rise o'er their heads, and bear the palm alone.
 Then shall *Theatra*, sister goddess, deign
 To sue for aid from *M--p--y's* abler pen ;
 Then shall the *Roscius* of that leaden age,
 Or aw'd, or flatter'd, prostitute the stage :
 His own dear *Shakespeare* lay neglected by,
 Night after night, for stuff and plagiary ;

Fret, stamp and stare, oblig'd himself to play,
 And dearly pay for what deserves no pay.
 Compell'd to scribble prologues, to excuse
 The dregs and squeezings of a hard-bound muse;
 Oblig'd, exert his whole dramatic art,
 Rave, rant, and bellow to sustain his part ;
 Confus'd, abash'd, while pit and boxes groan,
 Must still keep raving, ranting, bellowing on :
 Drove to the dire necessity of trap
 If e'er the gall'ries muster up a clap ;
 By some mechanic start or needless pause,
 Be forc'd himself, O sad ! to force applause,
 And tho' dame nature never fram'd a man
 To act like him, and keep to nature's plan ;
 Yet bully'd, threaten'd, libell'd, kept in awe,
 Drove from his judgment, drove from nature's law :

Harrafs'd

Harrafs'd, fatigu'd, reviled, insulted, tore,
Roscius shall yield a while to *M——y's* power.

But should he, while success on dulness smiles
 And in the garb of sense, no sense beguiles;
 Shou'd he be tempted from *Theatra's* side
 T' explore new projects on the ocean wide;
 What time the winds and waves impetuous roar,
 Be cast upon some *Desert Island's* shore:
 Long may he call aloud, and call in vain,
 E'er kind assistance gets him off again;
 There he may wander with his *pretty Fawn**
 At dusky eve or azure-mantl'd dawn,
 Till want and misery his cheeks assail,
 And make their *roses* fade, like *violet's* pale.†

* Vid. *Desert Island*.

† The roses on your cheeks fade like yon violets. Vid. *Desert Island*, a blunder by *Shaint Patrick*, very natural to the author.

E'en

E'en then I'll bring him off as clear as ever,
And reinstate him in *Theatra's* favour.

But lest *Theatra's Roscius* should refuse,
The dull productions of his shipwreck'd muse;
I'll find *the way to keep him* still alive,
Contrive whatever magic can contrive,
But what my fav'rite bard again shall thrive.

Or if invidious foes should rail or sneer,
And coward-like attack him in the rear;
Should they, grown valiant by his seeming fall,
Rise up to crush my hero, one and all;
His valid arm shou'd chase the dastard foe,
And with redoubled strength return the blow.

Amidst

Amidst an host of enemies oppress,
 One formidable bard shall rear his crest ;
Churchillo call'd---an undistinguish'd name,
 Till then unknown to art, unknown to fame ;
 Who with a heart and club of *English* oak,
 Shall make *Shillaley* quake at ev'ry stroke :
 But favor'd still by dulness, and by me,
 Thy son shall rise superior in degree ;
 By art and impudence maintain his right,
 And put his dread antagonist to flight :
 Then while the flying foe is yet in view,
 Shou'd over-rage induce him to pursue ;
 Shou'd *A-th-r* on the heels of *Ch--ch--ll* come,
 Resolv'd to ratify his rival's doom :

And

And in the famous ditch, where *Pope* before
 Plung'd *Oldmixon* and *Smedley* o'er and o'er ;
 Shou'd he with *Popish* zeal attempt the same,
 To flounce him in the realms of filth and shame ;
 With cautious prudence he must pause thereon,
 Left with the foe he tumbles headlong down :
 There wallowing in the mud as black as ink,
 The more he stirs, the more his muse shall stink ;
 Till eminent in filth the *Naiad* throng,
 Shall chant his praises in some filthy song ;
 And eager to create him sov'reign lord,
 Shall crown him with a diadem of —

This said, the goddess pluck'd from 'midst the grass,
 A plant, with which she rubb'd the infant's face ;

A plant whose efficacious quintessence
 Is call'd, in *England*, oil of *impudence*;
 The finest antidote 'gainst fear and shame,
 Known, in *Hibernia*, by a milder name,
Modest assurance.—Well embronz'd with this,
 She took the babe, and in a parting kiss,
 Transfus'd thro' nasal funnels to his brain,
 Whatever filth, or bogs, or dykes contain.

Go *Shelab* then, the goddess cried,—my care
 Shall still protect thee, and thy infant heir;
 My pow'r shall work unseen for *A—r's* good,
 So said, the goddess plung'd into the mud.

F I N I S.

A plant whose efficacious quinquessence
Is call'd in England, oil of juniper;
The finest authors' grant her and her name;
Known, in America, by a milder name,
Mistle-ewm. -- Well embrown'd with this,
She took the babe, and in a parting kiss,
Transfus'd the vital fluids to his brain,
Whatever fish, or bog, or dyke contain.



Go Shalab then, the goddess cried, -- my care
Shall still protect thee, and thy infant heir;
My pow'r shall work unseen for N--s' good,
So said, the goddess plung'd into the mud.

T I N T S